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to a style of extemporaneous speaking, and not being called upon to encounter the after-toil of writing out his discourses, not a few of his highest strains of eloquence perished with the breath, in which they were uttered. To the publication of occasional performances he was more than commonly averse, and held the maxim, that a man can seldom do himself justice, or safely trust his reputation, in productions of that class.

In reviewing the incidents of Dr Holley's life, it is not easy to suppress the feeling, that he did not at any period of it find his way to the career best adapted to the character of his mind, and affording the fullest scope for the exercise of his talents. It was impossible, that he should not have been distinguished in any walk of life, and most distinguished he was unquestionably, in that which he pursued. But it may be doubted, whether his first choice of a profession, that of the law, might not have led him, on the whole, to a more uniformly successful and happy career.

We deem it not improper to add, that the work is published for the benefit of the orphan son of president Holley. This consideration, we trust, will secure it that circulation, to which its substantial merit entitles it. With whatever motive it is purchased, we feel confident, that it will be generally and permanently regarded as an interesting and valuable work, and a well deserved tribute to the memory of one of the most distinguished sons of America.

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ART. VIII.—1. *The United States of North America as they are.* London. 1828.

2. *The Americans as they are ; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi.* By the Author of 'Austria as it is.' London. 1828.

THE two works named at the head of this article are of very different character. We shall presently address our American readers ; meantime, we would advise the English reader, after he has run over (literally run over) the first of them, to put it on the grate. If he trust either to the opinions or the facts of the writer, he will be as likely to be misled



as not. There is some truth in the book, but so strangely mixed up with untruth, or so disguised and misrepresented, as to be known only by those, who know a great deal more of the country, than this writer will ever know of any country. When the reader has gone diligently through the second work, we advise him to read it again, still *more attentively*. It is not without defects, even as far as it professes to go, but these are generally accidental, some of them errors of the printer, perhaps; those of this sort are rather more numerous than they ought to have been. The title of the book might lead to some mistake, yet, as the route the author took is marked out, no intelligent Englishman will infer, that this is a complete account of 'the Americans as they are.' But we have not seen a more correct view of 'the western people,' and also of Mississippi and Louisiana, than is here presented. The 'Austrian' has represented what he saw, without disfiguring or disguising it. He disclaims all pretensions to literary merit, like Cæsar when he simply related what he saw and what he did. He writes correctly and with perfect ease. We must allow, that we have read this last volume of a British traveller, with very different feelings from those, with which we struggled through the clumsy works of hirelings or speculators, that preceded it. It is not an enlarged, philosophical view of the country, its inhabitants, and its resources; but it is much better calculated for general readers, 'book-societies,' and circulating libraries; and well informed minds will find in it aliment not unsuited to their appetite.

We commence with our author where he commences his book, at Cincinnati. He says nothing of the states north or east of Ohio. Of course his description of Americans, though accurate, will be as novel to most of the citizens of the United States, as to his English readers. John Bull can with difficulty understand or believe this. With him an American is an American, whether he live in Maine or Missouri, whether he fish on the Grand Bank, or trap on the Big Horn. The yellow fever is the great pest of the States, equally at Castine and Mobile, if, perchance, his geography has as yet admitted these outlandish words. The soil of the country is all one, from the iron-bound shores of the Kennebec, to the crumbling banks of the Ouachitta. Our author will rectify some of these mistakes. His views of Cincinnati are impartial and correct. One fact is worthy of notice. He visited that town in the autumn of 1826.



The population he states at twelve thousand, perhaps rather below the actual number. In March 1828, his tour is published in London. The population of Cincinnati had by this time risen to eighteen thousand. The following extract is a fair specimen of his book.

‘The prevailing manners of society at Cincinnati, are those peculiar to larger cities, *without the formalities and mannerism of the eastern sea-ports*. Freedom of thought prevails in a high degree, and toleration is exercised without limitation. The women are considered very handsome; their deportment is free from pride; but simple and unassuming as they appear, they evince a high taste for literary and mental accomplishments. The Literary Gazette owes its origin (?) to their united efforts. There is no doubt that the commanding situation of this beautiful town, its majestic river, its mild climate, which may be compared to the south of France, and the liberal spirit of its inhabitants, contribute to render this place, both in a physical and moral point of view, one of the most eligible residences in the Union.

‘As much, indeed, may be said of the state of Ohio in general. It combines in itself all the elements, that tend to make its inhabitants the happiest people on the face of the earth. Nature has done everything in favor of this country. In point of fertility, it excels every one of the thirteen old states, and owing to its political institutions and the abolition of slavery, it has taken the lead among those newly created.’ ‘There is, nevertheless, not any city in the state of Ohio, to be compared with New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, nor is it probable there will be. [Twenty years will not pass, before Cincinnati probably will number as many inhabitants as Boston now does.] At the same time this want is largely compensated by the absence of immorality and luxury,—evils necessarily attached to large and opulent cities, which may be said to attract the heart’s blood of the country, and send forth the very dregs of it in return. In Ohio, wealth is not accumulated in one place or in a few hands; it is visibly diffused over the whole community. The county towns and villages are invariably constructed in a more elegant and tasteful manner than those of Pennsylvania, and the Northern States. [Strange opinion this! One would think that the writer had never seen the interior of New York or New England.] There is something grand in their plan and execution, though the prevailing want or insufficiency of means to carry them through, is still an obstacle in the way. The farms and country-houses are elegant; I saw hundreds of them, which no English nobleman would be ashamed of. They are generally of brick, sometimes of wood, [we should reverse this, they are generally of wood, sometimes of brick, or rather, frequent-



ly of brick] and built in a tasteful style. The turnpike roads are in excellent order. [This traveller visited Ohio in Autumn. He would have told another story the next spring.] It is astonishing to see what has been done in a few years, and under an increasing scarcity of money, by the mere dint of industry. The traveller will seldom have occasion to rail at bad roads or bad taverns; I could only complain of one of the latter, which stands upon a road that is seldom travelled. In every county town, there are at least two elegant inns [not always the *most* elegant], and the tables are loaded with such a variety of venison and dishes of every kind, that even a *gourmand* could not justly complain.

‘The whole state bespeaks a wealthy condition, which, far removed from riches, rests on the surest foundation, the fertility of the soil, and the persevering industry of its cultivators. Although behindhand, perhaps, with the Yankees in literary accomplishments, they are far more liberal and intelligent, being endued with a strong and enterprising mind.’ [Their character is in truth, as a whole, Yankee character, under varied circumstances, modified indeed, by extraneous admixtures.] ‘The resolutions of their Assembly are quite free from that narrow-minded prejudice found in Pennsylvania and the Southern states, which sees in the laws of Moses the only rule for direction, and loses sight of that liberal spirit, which pervades the law of Christ. [This may be just so, for we do not know what the writer would be at.] The inhabitants of Ohio are not, however, so religious as their neighbors, the Pennsylvanians. Their ministers exercise little influence; and numerous sects contribute greatly to lessen their authority, which is certainly not the case in the North. The people of Ohio are equally free from the uncultivated and rude character of the Western American, and from the innate wiliness of the Yankees. This state is not unlike a vigorous and blooming youth, who is approaching to manhood, and whose natural form and manners excite our just admiration.’

The concluding sentence of this paragraph is not more beautiful than true. This writer’s views of the Yankees, we suspect, were picked up at the South and West, and not the result of careful observation among the New-Englanders at their own firesides. Pedlars and run-aways, or walk-aways, have not been the most winning *avant-coureurs*, for either the honor or the honesty of those that followed after; neither were they a *very* fair representation of those that stayed behind. Yet our untravelled southern and western fellow-citizens have sometimes fallen into an error scarcely less palpable than this; and foreigners, passing only among them, almost of necessity imbibed the same prejudices.



But we return to our author, or at least to Cincinnati. A year since when in that town, looking over an old Directory (we forget for what year), we were struck with the various origin of its settlers, and tore out the leaf containing an 'Explanation of the Abbreviations of the Places of Nativity,' which now lies before us, and which we transcribe as exhibiting a fair sample of western population.

'Austria, Canada, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Delaware, Denmark, England, France, Georgia, Germany, Holland, Ireland, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan Territory, New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Prussia, Poland, Portugal, Rhode Island, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, South Carolina, St. Domingo, Tennessee, Virginia, Vermont, and Wales.'

The population of Cincinnati, at the time this Directory was composed, we judge could not have exceeded six thousand. It may fairly be presumed, that, at the present moment, every kingdom of Europe, and every state of the Union, is represented in this republican congress. It may interest some of our readers to see the comparative strength of the respective delegations. New England 441 (of which Massachusetts sent 184, Connecticut 143), Pennsylvania 394, New Jersey 337, New York 233, England 192, Ireland 173, Virginia 113, Germany 62, Ohio 52 !!, Scotland 39, Wales 21, France 19, Switzerland 17, unknown 42. The British and Irish combined number 425, nearly equalling the Yankees. At this we were somewhat surprised, especially at the large proportion of Englishmen. We suspect in regard to that class of immigrants (the English have adopted this word after due deliberation), that this proportion would by no means hold either in Ohio or any of the Western states. Probably many of those who accompanied Flower and Birkbeck to this country, quitting their leaders, took 'lodgings' in Cincinnati, and at length made it their home. This mixed and multifarious origin of Cincinnati could only be equalled by its Frenchified, Latinized, Aboriginal name, Losantroville, which if the reader be skilled in decyphering, he will find to mean *Village opposite the mouth of the Licking*, a river which empties into the Ohio on the Kentucky side. Who had the honor of inventing this comprehensively descriptive epithet, we are not able to inform the reader. The present name was probably suggested by the *almost* noble society, which, at one time, was thought of ominous import



to the state. *Apropos* of names, Marietta, the oldest town in the state, and of real Yankee origin and appearance, took its name from the unfortunate Queen of France.

Before we leave Ohio with our travelling companion, we will notice a mistake, which we attribute to the printer, but similar ones occur too frequently in his book. Ohio, he says, comprises an area of 4,000 square miles, and contains a population of 72,000 souls.

We must, however reluctantly, bid our friends in Ohio 'good bye,' and proceed with our author on his tour through Kentucky. We regret the change in his feelings towards the people among whom he passes; we regret still more that there should be any *occasion* for it. We forbear however for numerous reasons, besides the want of space, to enlarge on this consideration. We would rather resume our journey with the author through the barrens of Kentucky. Never was the king's English so shockingly misapplied. These barrens are some of the richest and most fertile lands in that rich and fertile state; at proper seasons of the year, surpassing in the beauty and the fragrance of their flowers, the most highly cultivated gardens of New England. But they are destitute of trees, and hence this name. Our author did not visit Kentucky, at a proper season to witness this gorgeous display of unadorned nature; yet he, for the most part, correctly describes the beauty and fertility of the soil, the amenity of the climate, the majesty of its primeval forests, the wide sweep of its extended and waving plains, the picturesque grandeur of its precipitous and broken streams, and, more than all, he seems to have been gratified with the abundance of its fruits, poured forth with a kind of royal and spontaneous liberality.

But we must hasten on with him, or we shall never reach the end of our journey, for as yet we are at the beginning of his tour. He visits Louisville, which he describes accurately; embarks in a keel-boat, and details the incidents of this *prison discipline* mode of travelling with *naïveté*. Like a true Englishman he is always ready for an adventure or for sport, in pursuit of which he will plunge into the forest, or jump into the skiff. We select the following extracts as a specimen.

'We purchased below Troy (seat of justice for Crawford county, Indiana) half a young bear, at the rate of five cents per pound. Two others which were skinned, indicated an abundance of these



animals, and more application to the sport, than seems compatible with the proper cultivation of these regions. The settlers have something of a savage appearance; their features are hard, and the tone of their voice denotes a violent disposition. Our Frenchman was bargaining for a turkey, with the farmer's son, an athletic youth. On being asked three dollars for it, the Frenchman turned round to Mr B., saying, "I suppose the Kentuckians take us for fools." "What do you say, stranger," replied the youth, at the same time, laying his heavy hand across the shoulders of the poor Frenchman, in rather a rough manner. The latter looked as if thunderstruck, and retired in the true style of the Great Nation, when they get a sound drubbing. We remarked, on his return, the pains he took to repress his feelings at the coarseness of the Kentuckians. [There were two or three Kentuckians, fellow-passengers. *Kentuckian* is almost as general a word in the West, as *Yankee* is in the East.] He was, however, discreet enough to keep his peace, and he did very well; but his spirit was gone, and he never afterwards undertook to make a bargain, except with old women for a pot of milk or a dozen of eggs.

It is worthy of notice, that along the Ohio river for a great distance, not a pint of milk, nor a pound of cheese or of butter is to be had for love or money, although multitudes of the inhabitants possess from five to fifty cows. The steamboats, however, are creating a demand, which of course will produce a supply. Next follows a real Western adventure.

'We had the enjoyment of some sport on the water; a deer was crossing the river, contracted in this place to about a thousand feet, when it was discovered by three Kentuckians, who were going to do the same. Our boat was about half a mile above the spot where we discovered the game. Four of us leaped into the skiff in order to intercept it. The deer continued its course towards the Indiana side, and it was easy for us to intercept its path. As soon as we were near enough, we aimed a blow at it with our oars, having in the hurry forgotten our guns. The deer then took the direction of the boat;—we followed. The Kentuckians approaching from the other side, full thirty minutes elapsed before these could come up with the animal and give it a blow. Though its strength was on the decline, it did not relax its efforts.

'A second blow on the part of the Kentuckians, who were more expert in handling their oars, seemed to stun the noble animal; yet summoning up its remaining strength, it went up the river on the Kentucky side, and reached the shore, but so exhausted by



long swimming and the two blows from the powerful Kentuckians, that on landing it staggered and fell, without being able to ascend the high bank. Instantly one of the Kentuckians rushed upon it, cutting asunder the knee joints. The deer, taking a sudden turn, made a plunge at the Kentuckian, tearing away part of his trowsers, and lacerating his leg. 'So sudden was the last effort of this animal, that but for the speedy arrival of his companion, who had been assisting the third Kentuckian in drawing the skiff closer to the shore, it would infallibly have ripped up its aggressor's bowels. The dirk of the third Kentuckian ended *the sport*, which had terminated in a rather serious way. By this time we had also reached the field of battle. "What do you want, gentlemen?" said the wounded Kentuckian with his poniard in his hand. "Part of the deer, which you know you could not have got without our assistance." They first looked at our party of four, then at our boat, which was already at the distance of a mile and a half from us. The wounded man seating himself, asked again, "What part do you choose?" "Half the deer with the bowels, and the the tongue for the ladies." "Have you ladies on board your vessel?" "Yes, Sir." Without uttering a word more, they skinned the venison, cleaned and divided it. We stepped aside, meanwhile, collected a couple of dollars, and offered them to the wounded man. He took the money, thanked us, and the other two carried the venison to our boat. We parted after cordially shaking hands. There was now an abundance of pigeons, venison, and bear's flesh on board our boat; the latter, when young having a very fine flavor, with rather a sweet and luscious taste. We were all partial to it except the Frenchman, who most likely took us for a species of these animals. But as thoughts are free, even in the most despotic countries, he had the privilege of thinking, without daring to utter a syllable,—assuredly the severest punishment upon one of the Great Nation.'

The Englishman *will out*. Go where he will, he carries with him an hereditary, instinctive aversion to a Frenchman. We notice this circumstance here, to take occasion from it to observe, that this writer is putting himself off, or his publishers are putting him off, for a foreigner of distinction. The *insinuation* is, that he is a German nobleman, of what rank we have not seen hinted. In this character he is noticed in the London Literary Gazette, and his Tour reviewed. Whether the reviewer was a *bonâ fide* believer in his Austrian or Continental origin, or whether this is only a trick of the trade, we know not. But that a German ever wrote such English as this, we neither believe, nor believe possible. Besides this, it is one of



the few facts testified to, by the first named writer on our list, that the Americans are by nature and by practice *spies*;—spies on each other and spies on strangers, spies at home and spies abroad, spies in the market-place and spies at church, spies by day and spies by night, spies on the water and spies on land; and we own, that we have very considerable doubts, whether ‘a foreigner of distinction’ could pass twice through the United States, running the gauntlet through ten millions of Fouchés, and escape *incog*.

But we have a yet heavier, a more direct and certain charge to bring against him; a charge against which he or his publishers can have no honorable defence. The two works named at the head of this article were published, the former about six or eight weeks before the latter. They were most plainly written, as they were also published, by different individuals. Yet the writer of the latter has filched the whole preface from the former book, and without so much as a solitary *thank ye*, has made the same sentences and paragraphs occupy the same place in his own book, with an occasional alteration for purer English, and now and then an alteration for greater nonsense. The reader who will take the trouble to compare the passage about monarchists and monarchism in the two versions of the preface, will have a fair example of what we allude to. The original wisely sets forth, that the two existing American parties are the monarchists or the governors, and the republicans who are the governed. But, instead of this, our wiseacre puts the matter thus, “*These parties are the monarchists, who would become governors, and the republicans, who would not be governed.*”

What could have induced our sensible and judicious writer to have thus turned plagiarist and ninny at once, we were for some time at a loss to divine; but are inclined to think it a piece of jugglery of the trade, with which the author of the book had no concern. Our traveller’s own preface is neat, and in character. He styles it, *advertisement*, and as it is short, we transcribe it.

‘The publication of this tour was intended for the year 1827. Several circumstances have prevented it. The American is, as far as relates to his own country, justly supposed to be prone to exaggeration. English travellers, on the contrary, are apt to underrate Brother Jonathan and his country. The author has twice seen those countries of whose present state he gives a sketch in the



following pages. He is far from claiming for his work any sort of literary merit. Truth and practical observation are his chief points. Whether his opinions and statements are correct, it remains for the reader to judge and experience to confirm.'

This is as it should be, and we are quite confident that the preface following this advertisement, was inserted either without the knowledge, or against the wishes of this sound-headed observer.

But we must quit this subject and overtake our traveller at the mouth of the Ohio.

'The nearer we approached the Mississippi, the lower the country became, and the more imposing the scenery.. By degrees the river Ohio loses its blue tinge, taking from the mightier stream a milky color, which changes into a muddy white when very near. This junction itself is one of the most magnificent sights. On the left hand the Ohio, half a mile wide, overpowered, as it were, by its mightier rival; in front the more gigantic Mississippi, one mile and a half broad, rolling down its vast volumes of water with incredible rapidity. Farther on, the high banks of the State of Missouri, with some farm buildings of a diminutive appearance, owing to the great distance; in the back ground, the colossal native forests of Missouri; and lastly, to the south, these two rivers united and turning majestically to the south-west. The deep silence, which reigns in these regions, and which is interrupted only by the rushing sound of the waves, and the immense mass of water, produce the illusion, that you are no longer standing on firm ground; you are fearful lest the earth should give way to the powerful element, which, pressed into so narrow a space, rolls on with irresistible force. I had formerly seen the Falls of Niagara; but this scene, taken in a proper point of view, is in no respect inferior to that, which they present.'

We are afraid there is more beauty in this as description, than accuracy as to fact. We detect here, what we but seldom meet with in this writer, a disposition to set off his story to good advantage. He generally relates simply and only the truth. In this instance he has certainly taken the liberty to embellish it; and who will blame an intelligent Englishman, when passing from the beautiful river into the father of waters, for giving way to the associations of the spot; for yielding up judgment to the guidance of imagination? Not we. But when we come to strict matter of fact, the Mississippi instead of being a mile and a half wide, after the junction of the Ohio with



it, and the latter having been half a mile wide, it is felt by all, who have had opportunity of personal observation, that the Mississippi seems but very little, if any, broader than the Ohio had been for the last hundred miles. What has struck us more forcibly than anything else, in regard to the Mississippi, except its depth, is the apparent unconcern with which it receives the contributions of its mightiest tributaries. It seems as if, instinct with sovereignty, it received the homage of its subjects without deigning to notice them. Yet the Mississippi is, in but few places and those of no great continuance, over a mile wide. We are quite confident that from the mouth of the Ohio to the Balize, its average width is considerably less than a mile. At New Orleans it is six elevenths of a mile, and yet all the books, and all the travellers, put it at a mile. It is well known how difficult it is to judge of distance over water. The Mississippi, at the junction of the Ohio, we should think of about the same width as at New Orleans. The Ohio cannot be much narrower, nearly up to the Wabash. Indeed, passing up the Mississippi and ignorant of the route, we should at present be as ready, when both streams are full, to take the Ohio for the principal and the upper Mississippi for the tributary, as the contrary; just as the first voyagers took the Mississippi for the main, and the Missouri for the tributary branch. We say *at present*, because the river is now, as the phrase is, *making* on the Illinois side. This new soil or *batture* is plainly distinguishable from the old bank of the river, by its younger growth of trees, principally cotton-wood, and extends nearly or quite a quarter of a mile, thus narrowing the channel of the Mississippi, and throwing it over upon the Missouri side, which is here wearing away. Our author speaks of the high banks of the state of Missouri. These, we confess, have been a *Terra Australis* to us as yet. When he passed into the Mississippi, that stream must have been nearly even with its banks, or he could not have spoken of it as he has done, as ‘rolling down its vast volumes of water *with incredible rapidity*.’ When the river is low, it is exceedingly sluggish and sleepy. But with an imaginative traveller, it often happens that ‘distance lends enchantment to the view.’ The plain truth is, that the country around this spot is low and sunken, and annually overflowed, except here and there a patch, just large enough for a hut and a retreat from the mighty element. The country is so low, and descends so rapidly and so far, that few spots on the Kentucky and Mis-



souri side remain *unflooded*. What the writer says of the colossal native forests of Missouri is most true. Their great height and size, and greater nearness than he had supposed, will, in part, account for the writer's visual deception. The solitude and silence, which reign here, strongly impress a meditative mind. But it is recollection, it is association, imagination; it is history, it is prophecy, that imparts to this spot a thrilling interest for every American. The politician of any, and the philanthropist of every country, must view it with unusual emotions. We have no remembrances like those which cluster about York Minster. England has no anticipations like those awakened at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi.

Perhaps we are extending our remarks too far upon this subject, but as it has not been often referred to in our pages, and as the spot in question is one of unequalled interest in its prospective destinies, we trust we shall be excused for thus dwelling upon it. In Autumn the Mississippi is generally full, at the mouth of the Ohio, considerably earlier than the latter stream. This was the case at the time our traveller was there. We have noticed it ourselves, and on inquiry of the pilots learned that it was usually so. It plainly results that our autumnal rains commence earlier, the farther west you proceed. We have heard it stated that in the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and in Ohio, these rains have, of late years, been more backward in making their appearance than formerly. With the actual facts in this latter case we are not acquainted. But if they be, as thus stated, are not the two facts probably explicable on the same ground? We shall not pursue this subject, for we do not feel quite adequate to it with our present knowledge, but we suggest the fact to scientific botanists and physical inquirers, as possibly affording a new instance, on a great scale, of the effect of clearing and cultivating the earth's surface on atmospherical phenomena.

We return to our traveller who has quitted his keel-boat and landed at Trinity, a town or a something, near the mouth of the Ohio on the Illinois side, consisting, so far as we now recollect, of one house, more or less. This house is so constructed, that, when the waters overflow the bank, as they never fail to do every spring, the inhabitants retreat to the chambers, removing their furniture, and allowing the water to flow through the lower rooms. In the Spring of 1826, passengers going on



board steam-boats at Trinity were obliged to pass in a skiff, from the windows in the second story of this house. Many such houses are built along the lower part of the Ohio. The solicitude we have observed, when passing down the river and informing the inhabitants that it was rising above, has been a subject of curious and painful interest. We recollect that in one place the mistress of a rickety log hut, that seemed ready to fall of its own accord, pointed out to us the hole in the chamber floor, and the ladder, by which they had made a hasty retreat a few months before. From the *ground* floor to the chamber floor, the height was about ten feet, and the water rose in twenty-four hours from six feet below the bank, to within six inches of the chamber floor. This, it may well be believed, was a season of painful suspense to a mother with her family about her, and to the father too, who was at the chamber window with a skiff, ready to receive them if driven from that retreat. At last the watchful eyes of a little boy glistened with new joy. He had for some time insisted that the water did not rise, which the affrighted parents could hardly believe; but when he cried out, 'It is falling, it is falling,' tears of joy burst from the father's eyes, rough and fearless as he was; and in the course of twelve hours more, the family had descended to their residence in safety. These cabins are sometimes fairly anchored with stones; sometimes a great weight is laid on the roof; but more frequently the posts are trees, which are preferred, when they can be obtained in suitable places.

Our traveller proceeded up to St Louis and returned to Natchez. His description of these places is, as usual, correct, but contains nothing new. The following remarks show an observant mind, and will be thought not wholly destitute of novelty.

'There is certainly not any nation that can boast of a greater disposition for travelling than Brother Jonathan; and there is, again, nobody more at home than he, whether in a tavern or on board a vessel; as he is in the habit of considering a tavern, a vessel, or a steam-boat, as a kind of public property. [Jonathan is right here.] Yet on board a steam-boat he is very tractable. The great difference of fare between a cabin and a deck passage from New Orleans to Louisville, being for the former forty dollars, and for the latter eight, contributes to establish a distinction in this assemblage of people, placing those who are found too light in the upper house, and the more weighty in the lower. The first



have to find themselves; the others are provided with everything in a manner, which shows that *private institutions for the benefit of the public, are certainly more patronized here than in most countries.* If the pecuniary resources of the citizen of the United States do not reach a very low ebb, he will certainly choose the cabin, his pride forbidding him to mix with the rabble, though the expense may fall too heavy upon him. That economical refinement which the French evince on these occasions, is not to be seen in America. When I proceeded four months ago in the *Duchess of Angoulême* steam-boat from Havre to Rouen, among the hundred passengers who were on board, more than fifty well-looking people were seen unpacking their bundles, and regaling themselves with their contents,—bread, chicken, cutlets, wine, &c., a frugality which will hardly be found to contribute to the improvement of a spirit of enterprise. The Americans would be ashamed of this kind of parsimony, which must ever impede all public undertakings. Owing to this cause, the American steam-boats are in point of elegance superior to those of all other nations, and none but the English are able to compete with them.'

We observe by the Quarterly Review, that the greatest speed to which the English steam-boats have attained, furnished with the best engines of Bolton and Watt, does not exceed nine miles an hour. We are not able to say how rapidly American steam-boats *have been propelled through the water*, but we are quite sure that they have much exceeded this rate. We have our doubts, as well as the Quarterly Reviewers, as to the asserted fact of sixteen miles per hour. We have either known or been most credibly informed of boats going from fifteen to eighteen miles an hour, but they were, in all such cases, aided by a strong current. We will here state a few facts. The distance from Cincinnati to Louisville is one hundred and fifty miles. The steam-boat *America* left the former place a few minutes after six P. M. and reached the latter a few minutes before four the next morning, and stopped twice to take in wood. Without excluding the time thus lost, this boat must have run at a rate exceeding fifteen miles an hour. The river was at this time neither high nor low, but in what the pilots call *good boatable condition*, running most probably between four and five miles an hour. This was the first trip this boat ever made, her engine was new, and a part only of its power was applied. We speak of this boat in preference to others, simply from personal knowledge, and by no means as being



the swiftest on the Western waters. We have no doubt she might have been driven through still water twelve miles an hour with perfect ease. An intelligent and observant gentleman informed us, that from point to point, by measurement fifty-four miles, the *Car of Commerce* had run in three hours. He had himself observed the time of starting and of stopping. The captain of the boat could with difficulty be persuaded that he had made such speed, the boat being reputed, though good, not first-rate. The distance from New Orleans to Natchez is three hundred and twenty miles by water. Boats have repeatedly ascended against the rapid current from city to city in forty-two hours, nearly eight miles an hour. The precise distance from Louisville to New Orleans we do not know. It is generally computed at fifteen hundred miles. The shortest passage down, which we recollect to have seen noticed, was four days and a half, including stops, of which there are generally two in twenty-four hours, occupying an hour each at least. This will give an average of fifteen miles and nearly one sixth of a mile to an hour. The passage up, we believe, has been made in eight days and thirteen hours. This will give an average of very nearly eight miles an hour; and uniting the speed up and down, we shall find that these boats must have been propelled through the water, over eleven miles, on an average. The distance from New York to Providence by water is one hundred and ninety-six miles; from Providence to Boston by land, forty miles. New York papers were lately received in Boston *via* Providence in twenty-two hours. The time occupied by the land carriage, delay at the boat, &c., could not have been less than six hours, leaving sixteen hours for the steam-boat passage, which will thus average twelve miles and a quarter per hour. In all these cases we have our doubts as to the actual distance these boats would have run, through still water, unaided or unimpeded by wind. It is well known in the last instance, that the time of tide on leaving New York, and a favoring or opposing wind will vary the passage a number of hours. The passages on the Mississippi would seem to afford a fairer criterion for judgment, and so they do. But they are by no means a perfect test, as all will allow, who are acquainted with the Mississippi. It may seem paradoxical, but it is true, that the shortest passages from New Orleans to Natchez and Louisville, are made when the current is strongest, that is, when the river is highest. The reason is,



that then there are eddies setting up the river, for miles occasionally, and also that there is many a 'cut-off,' which at this time admits the largest boats, but which, when the river is low, is impassable. All this tends to render us doubtful, what is the actual distance our steam-boats accomplish *through the water* in a given time. We think the passages between New York and Albany solve this problem, much more satisfactorily than those in any other part of our country. Till the last season, the boats on the Western waters excelled them. We presume they are now on a par. From New York to Albany by land it is, we think, one hundred and fifty-three miles, varying but little from the distance by the river; call the latter one hundred and fifty miles. This passage was made repeatedly in the summer of 1827, within twelve hours, both up and down; and once we believe in eleven hours and a half, including the delay incident to landing passengers. This will give a speed of thirteen miles per hour, without allowing anything for loss of time. We have seen no reason to believe that any steam-boat has fairly gone through the water at a rate beyond this. The average hourly run, in the shortest passages between New York and Liverpool, will vary from eight to nine miles, as the distance is computed from three thousand to thirty-five hundred miles. The most experienced captains have informed us, that they have never been able 'to get out of the best ship' more than twelve or twelve and a half knots an hour.

But we must return to our traveller, whom we left at Natchez. He pays a merited tribute to the intelligent, liberal-minded, and warm-hearted inhabitants of this city and the country adjacent. We refer to this place now, in order to speak of its pest, and the pest of the southern cities too generally, *the yellow fever*. The results of our observations upon the health of the Valley of the Mississippi are few, and mostly confined to its immediate vicinity. We are struck with one fact, rather contrary to expectation, that all the inhabitants whom we questioned, from the mouth of the Ohio downward, were agreed in this, that the most healthy spots were on the margin of the river, and the most unhealthy, the knolls and elevated hills, whether back or near the river. We shall not attempt to investigate the *quo modo*, but from repeated inquiries, we think the fact is as stated. We are not aware whether this favors or opposes any medical theory; and we do not suspect the settlers in Arkansas were much better informed than ourselves.



Our witnesses generally agreed that the country is healthy, subject to few diseases, and those mostly of the bilious kind, slight in degree and of short continuance. We were fully persuaded that the general belief as to their unhealthiness is incorrect. The facts which we could discover, in regard to the prevalence of the yellow fever at Natchez were, that, in those seasons when it made its most destructive ravages, there had been a great quantity of rich vegetable loam uncovered and exposed to the sun. This was occasioned by levelling the unevenness of the broken ground on which that city is built. In 1826, in addition to this cause, another was found in a large cellar full of putrid hams, near which, either in the same house or that adjoining, the fever first made its appearance, and from which it spread with alarming and destructive rapidity. So far as we could discover, there was nothing peculiar in the winds this season, as blowing more or less from the low and marshy parish of Concordia, than usual. The ordinary health of the country only a few miles distant, would *seem* to show, that the disease had its origin in some local and limited cause. In New Orleans the case stands thus. The most intelligent physicians, who have been longest in practice and most acquainted with the disease, acknowledge that they know nothing about its origin, nor the cause or combination of causes that produces it. As to the degree of heat experienced, or the state of the river, as high or low, or the quantity of rain that falls, these have at different seasons been so combined with contradictory results, as to satisfy intelligent observers, that, whatever may be this cause, it is not to be found here, though these may, in some circumstances, combine with other causes to produce this result. The only fact, on which we could find anything like a general agreement among intelligent observers, was this, that in those seasons when the fever was most destructive, the prevalent winds had been from the north; and that southern winds prevailing through the summer months and September, had never been attended with the yellow fever. Whether the facts are quite so broad as thus stated, we are not altogether certain, though we incline to that belief. The reader should recollect that southern winds at New Orleans blow from the Gulf of Mexico, and, it would not be strange, if they should carry health on their wings; and that northern winds come over marshes, swamps, and lagoons, charged, as he may readily believe, with miasmata, pestilence, and death. Yet, to the inquiry



why these winds produce this effect at New Orleans, and not on the margin of lake Ponchartrain, or at the plantations five miles above or below the city, no satisfactory answer has as yet been given. It would seem that some other cause must conspire with the direction of the wind to occasion the yellow fever. It is a well known fact at New Orleans, that this disease generally makes its appearance first in the vicinity of the river, on or near the Levee, or on what is there called the *Batture*. Since 1824, no yellow fever (except a few straggling cases of high bilious fever, nearly approaching the black vomit) has raged in that city. In the preceding winter and spring of that year, a large space between Tchoupitoulas street and the river, was filled up with mud taken from the river when low, and spread over a large surface, and thus exposed to the action of the sun. The succeeding summer was unusually hot, and the winds were generally from the north. The latter fact we give rather as highly probable, than as perfectly known to us. This season, as usual, witnessed the first cases of the yellow fever in the immediate vicinity of this new-made land. Considering the parallel case at Natchez, we confess that we feel inclined to ascribe more to the influence of this rich earth, thus exposed to the heat of the sun, than to any one or to all other causes. Yet who can answer this question; *Supposing the heat of that summer had been moderate, and the direction of the winds from the south, would the effect have been the same?*

Since the year 1824, very little earth has been laid open anew, as it was that year; the heat of 1825 equalled that of the preceding year, and no yellow fever has (as before observed) raged since 1824. Whether these facts, thus combined, afford any light upon this much agitated point, or whether they may serve to direct future investigation, we leave to the intelligent to decide. We remark, farther, what we have caught from general rumor, that the yellow fever which occurred at Pensacola a few years since, contrary to the expectation of every one, was thought to be owing to the putrefaction of a large mass of salt fish, exposed needlessly and without thought to a burning sun. Neither before nor since has the yellow fever visited Pensacola, the police having learned wisdom by terrible experience. The yellow fever has been unknown in Savannah since the draining of the rice-lands in its immediate vicinity.

In regard to the characteristics, the type, and the treatment



of the disease, the most experienced physicians in New Orleans allow there is great variety, and, in regard to the treatment, contrariety; the disease in different seasons greatly differing from itself (if *self* it can be called), and even in the same season exhibiting a widely different aspect. From all this we have sometimes been disposed to ask, if there may not have been some logomachy in relation to this subject, as well as others. We believe it is generally conceded by the most intelligent physicians in New Orleans, that this fever is *infectious* but *not contagious*, that is, the atmosphere of a given space may be so impregnated with noxious effluvia, that the disease is taken by breathing it, but that simple contact with the person diseased will not communicate the fever. If this be so, what more ridiculous than for the city authorities of Natchez to lay a quarantine on steam-boats and passengers from New Orleans; except a similar regulation by the latter city upon those coming from Havanna and St Domingo? We believe this latter city has grown wiser within a year or two past, and removed a worse than useless regulation. Facts, general and discriminative, in regard to what goes under the somewhat vague, but appallingly comprehensive term, *yellow fever*, as it exists at Tampico, Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Havannah, &c., should be collected and examined with a degree of care, which we suspect, after all that has been written and *speculated* upon this subject, it has not yet received. We will only add one remark that may startle 'Boston folks,' to wit, the unhealthy city of New Orleans, for the last four years, has been much more healthy than the metropolis of New-England.

We have, in our remarks, rather anticipated our traveller, reaching the capital of Louisiana and the South before him. His description of New Orleans is more full and more accurate in its details than any we have yet seen from either a foreign or an American hand. His topographical view is accurate; and his historical sketch of its condition under the Spanish government, the transformation consequent to its becoming American, its rapid growth and probable future extension, his description of its aspect, habits, and character, its mixed but unmingled population, is generally true. But we fear, had his acquaintance been more extensive, his commendations had rather been lessened than increased. His views of its society, as a whole, are, for the most part, correct; while his character of individuals is as generally erroneous. Pique, whim, caprice, party, prejudice,



have a wonderful effect even on fair minds in giving characters to those, who in religion or politics, either differ from ourselves, or agree with us. Second-hand information in regard to personal character is often of little worth. This is a blemish accidental in its nature, and not at all affecting the general merits of the book, or the designed impartiality of its author.

But we are obliged to pass over many interesting topics of remark, and hasten to a conclusion. We see by the *London Monthly Review*, received since the first portion of this article was written, that the author is put with the other anonymous scribbler, who is named first at the head of it. That reviewer, knowing nothing of the subject about which he was writing, and stumbling upon the 'Austrian's' unlucky stolen preface, very naturally concluded that his veracity was on a par with his honesty. The conclusion is reasonable, but it does not hold in the instance to which we are about to allude. The *South Sea Bubble* reënacted in London in 1825, and bursting in 1826, has brought into disrepute the most feasible and profitable propositions, if they be at all out of the ordinary course of business. Our author proposes to the capitalists of England, who wish to invest twenty-five thousand dollars, so as to quadruple it in the shortest time, that they embark in the sugar plantations of Louisiana. His views are thought by the reviewer either selfish or sanguine. We think he has stated rather too highly the usual income of sugar plantations. It is not common for planters to realize fifty thousand dollars from their sugar crops. Yet some do, and a few beyond that sum. General Hampton, we believe, has disposed of his sugars of one year for one hundred thousand dollars. But ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand dollars are the most common incomes. Now as to the expense, it may interest New England readers, and instruct English adventurers in search of a fortune, while it must give a pang to every considerate philanthropist, to have a few facts stated, from which to judge of the money-making probabilities by sugar cultivation.

Land suitable for growing the cane can be obtained in abundance for two, three, and four dollars an acre; and strong working hands, men and women, at an average of four hundred and fifty dollars, together with mechanics at six hundred dollars each. The annual cost of the slaves to their owners, even of those best treated, does not exceed fifty dollars. The usual annual return of profits from the labor of each working



slave, so far as we have been able to learn, varies from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars, the probable average is about two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

A French planter in Attakapas received for his crop of 1826, made by seven hands, nearly two thousand five hundred dollars. It is generally held that the molasses made must defray all the expenses of the plantation. As to the fixtures requisite for making sugar, recent experiments have shown conclusively, that impressions, heretofore entertained, have been erroneous. It can be cultivated, prepared and sent to market very nearly, if not quite, as cheap as cotton. Our author's opinion is erroneous upon this subject, and this unfavorable error will at least balance his other too favorable statements. We believe there are very few Americans, residing in the free states, notwithstanding we are charged by some foreigners with being beyond all other nations desirous of getting money, who would be disposed to adventure twenty-five thousand dollars in this way, even under these alluring prospects, and golden promises. Whether this reluctance would spring from satisfaction with present possessions, or from an unwillingness to hazard a certainty for an uncertainty, or from the fear of possible failure, or dread of the climate, or aversion to slavery, we shall not attempt to say. Perhaps most of these considerations would operate on New England men to prevent such an enterprise. Twenty-five thousand dollars in New England, is *an independent fortune*; it is so even in Boston. In London it is a mere trifle. We doubt not, with their just national detestation of slavery, that one hundred men could be found in London, to ten in New England, willing to establish themselves on Bayou Teche, with fifty negroes, under a cloud of mosquitoes, in swamps that cannot be drained, and among alligators innumerable, under a broiling sun, and in a hot-house atmosphere, if they could only be reasonably persuaded that in ten years they could turn their five thousand pounds into fifty thousand. We are not at all anxious to have them go, either on their own account or our own. But, so far as our information extends, we agree with our author, that no part of the British empire presents such a prospect of immense returns for money invested, as Louisiana presents to the cultivator of sugar.

This assertion is now still more true since the revision of the tariff of duties. That this is not a visionary opinion, we think



the facts already stated warrant. We have no pleasure in stating these facts, relative to the profits to be drawn from the bones and sinews of other men, possessed of undying souls like ourselves. Before we quit the topic we would observe, that we dissent from the opinion of our author, who has only retailed the heir-loom opinion, which passes unexamined from father to son, that *white men cannot bear exposure to the sun in Louisiana*, and of course cannot cultivate the cane and make sugar. Now this, we happen to know, is untrue. White men, even from northern latitudes, and still more creoles, do bear exposure to the sun ; do also cultivate the cane and make sugar in some parts of the state, though not to a great extent ; enough, however, to show the entire hollowness and fallacy of this assertion.

The remarks of our traveller upon the climate of Louisiana are commonplace ; and one of them might lead into error those disposed to emigrate. He represents the plantations as perfectly free from danger to immigrants from colder climates, if they use proper precautions. We now refer to his opinion without having the book at hand ; but we were struck on reading it with the impression, that he had hardly expressed the whole truth. The fact is, however, that the climate is neither so salubrious as old settlers there would persuade you, nor by any means so noxious as is represented and thought at the North. The author states that, on one occasion, the thermometer fell twenty degrees below zero. We need hardly say this is a traveller's story ; perhaps he mistook twenty degrees below the freezing point. In February 1822, we think, it stood at fourteen above zero, the lowest degree recollected by the present generation. The cold of this season killed all the orange trees in the state, which are just now beginning to bear again. June is the hottest and most oppressive month. Judge Martin, in the first volume of the 'History of Louisiana,' which contains also a history of the French and Spanish colonies from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St Lawrence, says that one hundred is the highest point ever reached. In the summer of 1824, on the second of July, it stood at ninety-five, and on the third, at ninety-six. In the summer of 1825, which was distinguished for its heat throughout the country, the highest point was ninety-seven. We have never seen evidence of a higher degree of heat. But the atmosphere of New Orleans, with the thermometer at ninety-five, is more oppressive to a northern man, than that of Boston at one hundred.



In concluding our notice of this volume, we will only add, that, after seeing the condemnatory notice of it in the Monthly Review, which has already been quoted in some of our respectable journals, and circulated through the country, we took it up again and read it, both with care and with an increased conviction of its designed impartiality and general correctness. We think it due to a foreigner and a gentleman, no matter whether 'of distinction' or not, to rescue his remarks from undeserved English censure, and American misapprehension. Were his volume republished in this country, it could not fail of being generally read, and of communicating more precise information in regard to the states, bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, especially of the states so little known of Mississippi and Louisiana, than any other volume with which we are acquainted, if, perhaps, we may not except the 'Ten Years' Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi.' Our author is not so good a landscape-painter as Mr Flint, but we think he takes a better profile. Mr Flint wrote from recollection and 'without book.' Our author took notes, and has made good use of them. The West, the South, and the North are already under great obligations to Mr Flint. We hope he will increase them still more, and that a liberal public will not suffer one of the most enlightened of its citizens to go unrewarded.

We intended to give an extract from the book entitled 'The United States as they are.' But it is needless. Its character may be given in two words, *vile trash*. The book entitled 'The Americans as they are,' seems to have been formed on the principle involved in its concluding sentence, with which we will close this article. 'Brother Jonathan is neither so bad as John Bull supposes him to be, nor so faultless as he fancies himself. *Medium tenuère beati.*'